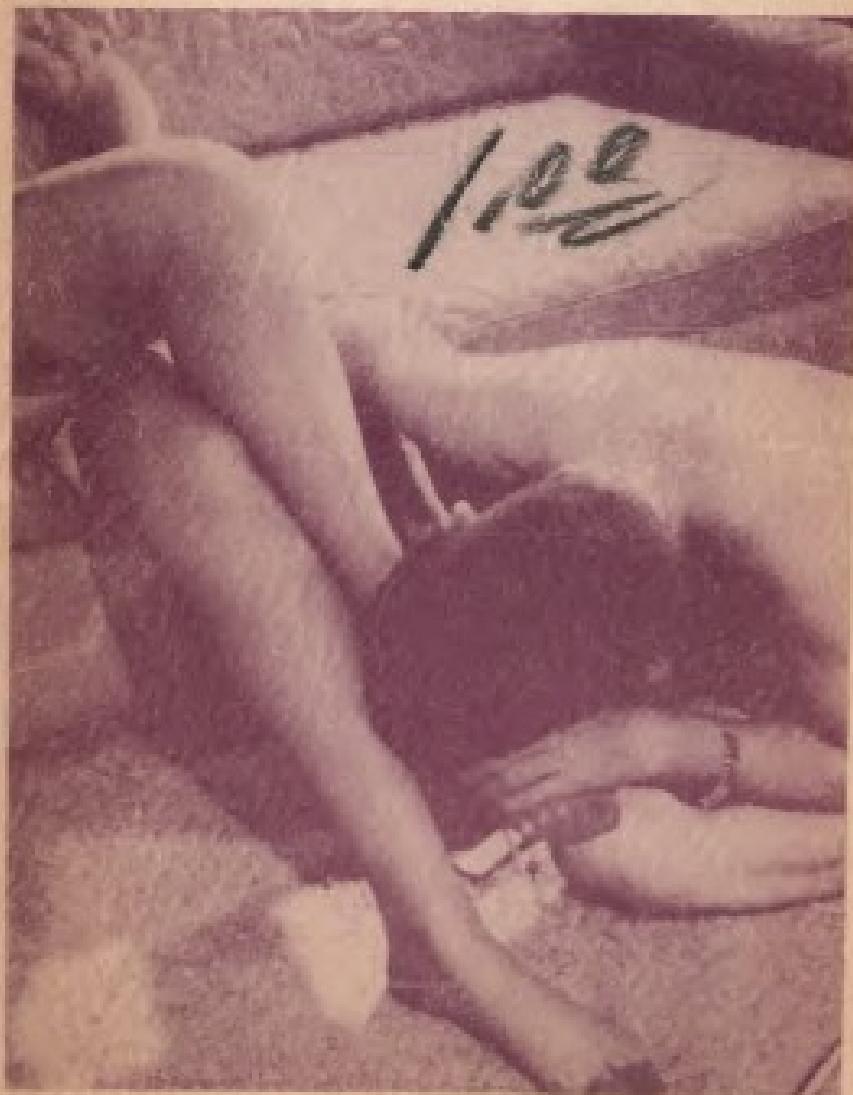


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DIARY OF A DOMINATED MALE

by A. De Grananour

CHAPTER ONE

May 3rd:

Dear Diary: I guess, since I've kept a diary so many years starting out as a kid, it seems natural to go on doing it even as a man. And too, since I'm a writer by trade, keeping a diary of my innermost thoughts and feelings will be invaluable in giving me ideas.

Today is a red-letter day. I met Lisa. She is black-haired, olive-skinned, with dark brown eyes that seem to melt into tenderness when her soft full mouth curves in a smile. She has a straight, slightly aquiline nose with thin widely flaring wings, so very expressive. Altogether, her face is one that will be memorable to any man who sees it for the first time--at least, I feel that way.

I met her at Bill's party. He and I have been buddies since the Korean scrape, and he was celebrating the opening of his new Buick dealership. Naturally I came to clink glasses with him and toast his good health and future good fortune. Bill pulled me back to a trench and safety when

I had a piece of shrapnel in my side, so I owe him a good deal. Now, it seems, I'll owe him a good deal more, for making it possible for me to meet Lisa..Lisa with her soft husky-sweet voice, with her slantingly rounded cheeks which suggest the exotic and Oriental. And, to highlight that loveliness all the more, she has a tiny black beauty spot on her left cheekbone.

The moment I saw her sipping a cocktail and seated on the edge of an armchair with her beautifully curvaceous legs crossed so that the suave liteness of one calf was quiveringly mobile, I told Bill he just had to introduce me and I would be further in debt to him. When he laughingly asked me what I meant by that crack, I just said, "I already owe you my life--now perhaps I'll owe you my love too."

"Oh, you mean Lisa Derati. She's of Italian descent. Fine family, but killed during the war. Smuggled out of the country as a baby by a farmer who owed his life to her folks, brought her to New York to be reared by his own relatives. They couldn't do enough for her--sent her to a dress design school, and she's quite well known and doing very well financially now all on her own. About 36, I'd say."

The perfect age for a woman--young, beauti-

ful, mature yet still young enough to be gay at heart. I wanted to meet this brunette, exotic beauty more than I'd ever wanted to meet any other girl. Me, I'm a sales manager of a growing automotive parts store chain. We started when parts were still hard to get, right after I was discharged from the service with the Purple Heart and the Silver Star, and, if I say so myself, I worked plenty hard because after Bill had saved my life out in No Man's Land from all those Red gooks, I told myself I was going to justify that act by making something of myself.

I'd come up the hard way. Born in the East Side of little old New York, in a slum area, my parents dying of T.B. when I was fourteen and having to shift for myself as best as I could. Then, just as I was getting a job as a mechanic in the first of these shops which started off the chain, the Korean mess and I was drafted. When I got back, Marv Blaisdell, the big boss, kept his promise and took me back, gave me a chance to sell behind the counter. I liked people. I worked hard, and now at 34, I'm sales manager of a thriving chain of sixteen shops. Apart from a stitch in my side whenever it rains or gets cold, my stint in the service left no ill effects. I'm just six feet, weigh about 170 soaking wet,

I have black hair, a long homely pleasant face--Marv tells me it inspires confidence--and a fairly trim build which I keep that way by playing hand-ball with Bill and other buddies from my old outfit twice a week.

But now it was time to think of getting something more than just security to cling to....a girl like Lisa, to be specific. I wanted to marry, settle down, have kids--the works. I wanted to love someone deeply. And this hauntingly lovely girl with the dark liquid melting look when she glanced at you even briefly had, at first sight, set my pulses to pounding, my brain to taking quick and comprehensive stock of my virtues and defects. I wanted to be eligible for Lisa as a husband--yet I knew nothing about her. An orphan brought here to save her life, grown up with strangers who loved her, then finding a special talent on her own and now independent as I was. But a girl like that with brains, wit, spirit and imagination must surely have a flock of suitors.

As Bill led me across the crowded living room, I whispered to him, "Quick, the lowdown--is that goddess of beauty and femininity spoken for?"

"Who--oh, you mean Lisa," he teased as we neared the pensive brunette. "No. No affiliations

so far. I hear tell she's choosy and finicky."

"So am I, that's why I'm a bachelor at 34, Bill," I whispered back.

We stood in front of the chair now and Bill cleared his throat. Lisa looked up, with a soft encouraging little smile of recognition. "Oh, hello there, Bill. Excuse me if I seemed to be daydreaming..just relaxing after a hard week of designing fashions for very demanding females--you know the type."

"Not quite, I'm afraid," Bill laughed, "but here's a designing male--"

"Ouch, pardon my buddy's pun, he never learned any better," I cut in airily, wanting her to take notice of me right from the start. Those great big dreamy liquid brown eyes turned to me, and, wonder of wonders, they kept on me as those red soft full lips broke into the most enchanting smile I'd ever seen on a girl's kissable mouth. You can see, Dear Diary, how far gone I was already: seeing a girl two minutes earlier and ready to kiss her, propose and marry her in logical sequence, and as fast as possible. I mean, it hit me hard, and I'm supposed to be a man of the world. But then, I'd never before met a girl like Lisa Derati.

"Oh, but he seems to know a good deal, I

should think," that deliciously husky-soft voice was speaking and I was lulled into rapture just by the sound; I didn't care what she said...except, of course, after a suitable time, "Yes."--"He knows how to throw a wonderful party."

"I agree. And the most wonderful thing about it is you. That's why I threw caution to the winds and asked him to introduce us," I blurted out. Might as well be hanged for a wolf as for a lamb, I always say. And I was willing to drown in those big deep rich dark brown eyes of hers, for a fact. I had it but bad, but that was good!

"How flattering!" she laughed a soft gentle laugh that sent my pulses a-tingling all over again. Just to be near her was to fall under a spell. She was an enchantress, a Circe. And when I thought of what, I wasn't thinking of the real, mythological Circe's ability to turn men into swine.

"Lisa," Bill said, playing the perfect host up to the hilt, "I want you to meet my wartime buddy and best friend Ed Tomlinson. Ed, this is Lisa. Lisa Derati. Now I'll leave you two to find out what you haven't got in common, while I go see that my other guests have refills." He waved his hand, winked to me the way he used to do in Korea when we had a tough assignment ahead

of us but were cocky and confident we could lick our weight in wildcats no matter what the odds. I took heart from that wink; I realized that this beautiful young woman was the most desirable female I'd ever seen or met, and that I was determined to win her, no matter what the odds either!

"He's a darling." Lisa looked back with a fond smile at Bill, busy threading his way through the crowd, stopping here to shake a hand, there to smile at some pretty girl in an evening gown. Bill was going to be married a month from yesterday, and I was to be best man; he'd landed a cushy job in an ad agency after the Korean fracas, used his common sense and hard-sell ability to bring in some lush accounts, and was now a junior V.P. with a hefty bonus come profit-sharing time. Also, he'd latched on to a delectable honey-haired blonde debutante named, appropriately enough, Honey Ames, with a wealthy socialite family background that wouldn't hurt his career a bit when it came to getting new business for the agency. Me, I'd settled for hard unglamorous but profitable work, so now it was high time I took a leaf out of his book and started finding the right girl for yours truly. And here she was, all by herself, with a half-empty cocktail glass.

"Here, let me fill this for you. Lisa--may I call you that?"

"Please do, Ed," gosh, my heart did flip-flops when she said my name that way with a quivery sort of husky catch to that soft voice of hers. My name, rough and ready Ed, had never sounded so romantic before, believe me. I wanted to go on the rest of my life hearing her pronounce it just that attentive, interested way.

"Right back, Lisa, don't go away now."

"I won't, Promise, scout's honor," she said with that little throaty laugh I was beginning to hear even in my dreams before I got to sleep--that's how bad I had it.

I got her a refill and headed back to the armchair where she sat, mistress of all she surveyed. She thanked me prettily and raised the glass towards me, to drink my health. I watched her, fascinated by her charming, coquettish ways. They weren't teasing, if you know what I mean; no, rather, they were ultra-feminine, as if she gloried in her womanhood and was honestly and sincerely flattered by your being aware of it.

We got to talking, and she managed to find out a good deal about my checkered career, such as it was, and how Bill had saved my life. At that point, I felt the urge to make with the

sweet talk, and I added, "You see, Lisa, that's why I owe Bill such a lot and why I had to make good, to justify his having given me another chance. Well, now, I'll never be able to repay him; here he's let me meet you."

She threw back her lovely head and laughed gayly, and the soft curving arc of her throat was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, just as the poets say. "You're really a most unusual man, Ed. I'm glad you wanted to meet me. Frankly, if you want to know the truth, I was bored silly."

"Bored? What with, Lisa?" I asked wonderingly.

She shrugged lovely bare shoulders; she had on a strapless black glossy satin evening dress that let me feast my admiring eyes on beautifully rounded arms, the soft throat and deliciously curved neck. "With all the affectatious, smug people you have to meet. Men as well as women, Ed. In my business, of course, I deal mostly with fashion-minded women, the rich socialites who too often are in their forties and fifties and think a new dress will make them young again and wipe out the crows' nests and the ugly wrinkles from years of gossip and malingering. That's why I enjoy the refreshing change of talking to someone honest."

"May I ask a very impertinent question?"

I said, trembling just a little bit.

"Go ahead!"

"Are you engaged--or anything like that?"

She laughed again, tilting back her head, her eyes dancing with merriment. "Really, you're nice, Ed. No, not engaged or even anything like that."

"Then all I can say is, the men in this town are blind or stupid!"

"What a sweet compliment."

I grew emboldened. "I'd like to pay you lots more--but not here. May I have the privilege of a date with you some time soon? The sooner the better. My intentions are strictly honorable."

She frowned just a tiny bit at this, and my heart sank. Was this the brush-off?

"I'd love to go out with you, Ed. But there's something you don't know about me...something you've a right to know if, as you say, your intentions are honorable."

"And what's that, because they are, I assure you!"

"I've a sister...a twin sister, Ed, Alura's her name."

"Bill hadn't told me about that, Lisa. He'd said your parents died after the was and some caretaker or somebody who'd worked for them and

loved them got you out of Italy and to the States."

"That's true enough, but my twin was left behind with a wealthy Italian family who had lost every penny they had because they took part in the Resistance against Mussolini...the Partisani."

"I've heard of them--like the French Maquis."

"Yes, Ed. But they managed to survive, they brought Alura up, and last year, when they died, I found out where she was...I'd been trying to trace her all these years with the authorities, but no luck. And she lives with me now. But, though she's my twin, she's so very different from me--she might drive you off. She has, already. I mean, driven off men whom I've liked and whom I thought maybe I might marry. I wouldn't want to see you hurt, not if I became fond of you."

"But how can she drive them off? You're a big girl with a mind of your own--"

She shook her head almost impatiently. "You don't know about the blood relationship of Europeans, Ed. Twin sisters must be sympathetic to each other, help each other, protect each other. Alura wants to protect me when she drives away a man she feels isn't right for me."

"But you haven't told me how she drives

them off--if you loved a guy--"

She put a hand to my lips as if to hush my impassioned words, shook her head gently, and then she murmured, as I impulsively kissed that soft perfumed palm--" Alura insists that any man who woos me and wants my hand in marriage must submit himself to her tests..her tests of domination!"

CHAPTER TWO

May 8th:

I told Lisa that if I'd survived MIGs and shrapnel and gooks' bayonet charges and the dysentery and scurvy from inadequate rations and crawling through mud and swamps, I could endure anything. Then I asked her for a date. She agreed to meet me in Times Square at seven sharp, and from there I planned to take her to dinner and a Broadway musical. Then we'd stroll to Central Park and maybe I could pitch a little woo--I didn't tell her that part of it, of course.

Well, Dear Diary, it was a terrific evening. We got along as if we'd been born for each other. We both hated spinach and broccoli, loved mashed potatoes with butter melting down into them, a thick juicy New York cut sirloin, Burgundy wine,

the music of Debussy and Bartok and Gershwin, as well as baseball and ice hockey.

It was a perfect almost summery night with a full moon, and we found a nice empty park bench and before I knew it I had her in my arms and was kissing those soft moist red lips and telling her I wanted to marry her just as quickly as she could arrange it with her sister.

"You're so very sweet, Ed and I like you tremendously. But don't ask me to say yes till you've met Alura and agreed to let her put you to her silly olf tests."

"But what is all this mumbo-jumbo about, honey? Tests..you'd think this was a medieval tournament of jousting knights who had to break a lance with the masked champion."

"It amounts to as much--and even more. Alura, I told you, likes to dominate. I don't. Two other men thought they were in love with me--" here I was suddenly insanely jealous--"and when Alura finished with them, she told me they were weaklings not worthy of me. So we had to break off, there's just no other way." She shrugged helplessly. "I love my sister terribly because of all she's gone through, and in return she's so fiercely eager to protect me and be very sure I pick the right husband, who's strong enough to

look after me, yet has humility too so he can understand a woman's sometimes need for tenderness."

"Look, Lise darling, I don't care what these so-called tests are, all I want to do is get this narrowminded sister of yours on my side. When can I meet her?"

"Oh, you mustn't call her narrowminded, darling. She's a wonderful girl, it's just that the war and its aftermath made her bitter and suspicious of people--especially men. And you must make her like her by doing what she orders you to do--yes, even if it seems silly and means a loss of face to you at the time. If you would do that--then there's some hope for us--otherwise--" she let her voice trail off and stared at me with those big dark brown eyes.

"I'll do anything she tells me to--except maybe jump off the Brooklyn Bridge. Now, you tell me when I can meet her. Tonight, maybe?"

"Oh, no, she's out for the evening."

"Don't tell me she's got a boy friend, thinking the way she does about men!"

"Oh, no, Alura's attending a lecture by a famous French woman author, about the supremacy of the female over men."

"That figures," I tried to be facetious, but

I could tell Lisa was in no mood for jokes now, so I changed my pitch: "All right, honey. I love you, I want to marry you. I mean both of those statements as much as I ever meant anything I ever said. Now the next step is for you to introduce me to this terrifying dragon of a sister of yours and let me brave her wiles. I'm willing, ready and able. What next?"

"Let me call you, darling--"

"You said darling," I interrupted joyously, took her in my arms and kissed her hard, and she kissed back. When I let her go, she nodded shyly, her face red with delicious blushes, and she murmured, "Oh, I do so hope you'll make Alura like you too, and pass her tests!"

CHAPTER THREE

May 10th:

It took me a whole week before I heard from Lisa on the phone at my apartment, just last night as I came in from work. "Ed? Lisa, dear.. are you still serious about..you know, what you said about meeting Alura?"

"More than ever. Do you realize it's been a whole agonizing week since I've heard that delicious husky voice of yours and I have to content

myself with mental images of what you look like, since you didn't give me a picture of yourself."

She laughed delightedly, and my heart began to sing again, as it had that first moment I first saw her sitting on the arm of that chair in Bill's place.

"I promise I will, Ed dear, our very next date. But--if you want to meet Alura, she's going to be in tonight. I've already told her all about you. She thinks you're not at all my type."

"Hey, now, where does she get off judging me without even seeing me?" I growled. "You tell her I'll be over to set her straight--oh, by the way, I don't even know your address."

Lissa gave it to me and told me to come there about eight-thirty. She was going to a Sophie Loren movie she wanted too see, because first of all Alura didn't want her around to influence this first meeting. I sent her a couple of kisses on the phone and hung up, happy as a jaybird. After a quick shave and shower, I dressed in my best suit, the kind I entertained the visiting parts suppliers in when my job was to wine and dine them so they'd give us a priority on urgent stuff our shops needed, and I was at the address Lissa had given me five minutes ahead of time.

It was a two-story old brownstone mansion

just off Riverside Drive. Lisa had mentioned that she worked in her own studio on her designs. I walked up the stone steps and rang the bell. It took a while before the door was finally opened, and when it was, I stood there with my mouth hanging open.

Lisa had said Alura was her twin sister. They were alike as two peas in a pod, and the only difference I could at once make out was that Alura didn't have a beauty spot on her cheekbone the way Lisa had. Nor did she dress the way Lisa did, either!

"Well?" she demanded arrogantly as I stared at her.

For Alura Derati wore a black leather dress, so tight it seemed a second skin, leaving her shoulders and arms bare and descending to her dimpled rounded knees. Her superb sinuously curved calves were sheathed in smoke-hued nylon stockings, and she wore black leather pumps with remarkably high and narrow heels, making her even taller than I was. Yet the rather short curly bob she affected was the same as Lisa's; the straight nose, the soft ripe mouth, even the ears, seemed so reminiscent of Lisa I was thunderstruck. Yet the telltale beautyspot's absence as well as this outlandish costume which caught every mirroring

reflection of the bright lights in the hallway, and the supercilious way she looked and spoke, told me this was Alura.

"You must be Alura," I finally quavered. "I'm Ed Tomlinson. Lisa said you'd be kind enough to receive me this evening."

She eyed me contemptuously. "And you want to marry Lisa, is that it?"

"I do. That's why why I'm here. She gave me some cock-and-bull story about your having to pass on her steady boy friends--hey, what the devil--"

Alura wore black leather gloves, pliant and smooth, to her wrists; her right palm had just flashed viciously against my cheek; startled, I stepped back with a cry of surprise.

"You'll speak with more respect, Mr. Tomlinson, or our interview will end before it begins. Come in."

Dumbfounded, I followed her to the living room, where she turned to confront me.

"I was born an hour before Lisa. Thus by European law, I am the elder and in the absence of any living parents or kin by blood, I become her guardian till she is married. You think this strange, but it is our way and Lisa accepts it. Lisa is wealthy through her own artistic gifts.

She is beautiful, desirable. The man who marries her may be tempted by his selfishness to think more of what he acquires than what he can give in return, in love, humility, tenderness, manly submission....."

I was fascinated despite myself at her choice of words..manly submission--what did she mean by that, I wondered.

"All right, Alura," I replied, wanting to be forthright about this whole singular affair, which I couldn't quite understand yet had to go along with, "I'll try my best to prove I'm that sort of man, if you'll let me."

"You're in earnest?"

"Never more so!"

"I warn you, my ways may shame you, humble you, even hurt you--"

"I don't know what all this talk's about, but I will say you and Lissa have got me to the point of wanting to find out if only out of curiosity's sake."

"Very well. I accept you as a candidate for Lissa's hand in marriage. On this condition only--"

"Name it!"

"For the engagement period, which shall last a full month, you will be at my beck and call,

as if you were my slave. You will obey my orders without question. If you disobey them, or displease me, you will permit me to punish you as I see fit. If you refuse during this probationary period, I will conclude you don't possess the humility that a true mate for Lise must have and be sensitive to. Agreed?"

"Agreed!"

Her eyes glowed triumphantly, and she seemed to tower in those high-heeled pumps as she faced me. Then, folding her arms across her firm round highperched breasts, she ordered, "Take off your suitcoat and follow me."

I did so at once without a word. She led me to a small room at the back of the first floor, a room obviously used by Lise for designs. Next to the closet was a metal dress cabinet on whose top was a pile of garishly ornate hats with plumes, some scarves and pieces of original dress material. Alura curtly ordered me to stand against the closet door, and then to my amazement, tied me with my wrists corded to metal hooks set high at the top of the door, my waist pinioned by a tight rope that wound round the doorknob, and then she gagged me with a white satin scarf.

"I am going to leave you here for two hours, slave," she said coldly, "and you had best get



used to the word 'slave' because that is all I shall ever call you during your month's trial. This is a test of humility and endurance. No need to try to break loose from your bonds, I assure you; the hooks are solidly driven into that heavy closet door, and those cords will only lacerate your wrists if you try to pull free. As for the gag, it is to teach you the virtue of silence; most men talk far too much and too inconsequentially. You have made some exaggerated statements about how much you love Lisa and how completely you want to prove yourself to me; your actions will speak louder than words."

With this, she stood beside me, extended a hand, cupped my chin in the gloved palm and forced my flushed face to turn to hers; staring compellingly into my eyes, she smiled slowly and mockingly. "Lisa," she said briskly after a long moment "is far too romantic-minded. She would weep if she saw you humiliated this way, hurry to untie you and kiss you. I will give you my kind of caress, and you will remember it longer than tears and kisses--there---and there!"

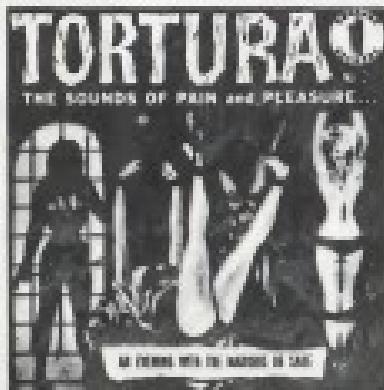
And twice, with her other gloved hand, she struck me viciously across the cheek, making me gasp and squirm, for I was standing on tiptoe, tied as I was with my wrists dragged up high to

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those solid metal hooks driven in to the top of the closet door.

Without another word, Alura left the room. I heard the click of the key in the lock, and, since she had flicked the lightswitch upon leaving, I was left in pitch darkness, to my own isolated and seething thoughts.

Those two hours were the longest I had ever spent, even worse than in a foxhole. Sweating, squirming as my unused muscles began to feel the stress of tension and traction, I jerked at my bonds, but could not budge. After what seemed an eternity, the door flung open, a soft anxious little cry of "Oh, Ed, you poor darling--what has she done to you!" came to my ears, the light snapped on, and as I blinked my eyes, I saw my Lisa, her eyes very wide and anguished and humid, her soft full red lips trembling. She came to me quickly, got on a stool and with a paring knife slashed my wrists cords loose, then freed the rope round my waist, and took off the gag. And the kiss she gave me more than made up for that first trial and the ignominy of what Alura had called "silent humility."

CHAPTER FOUR

May 21st:

When I stopped to think things over, after getting home from that fantastic meeting with Alura, I felt a little burned up. What right did she have telling Lisa who was good enough for her and who was wrong, and how could she tell from stunts like this? But then I thought of the wonderful way Lisa had come running to me in that dark little room, her eyes all misty and big and anxious and her voice husky-soft and the feel of her quivering lips when she kissed me, and everything else was forgotten.

Forgotten, that is, until this morning. Down at work, in my office, Miss McGonigle, my efficient, homely but warmhearted secretary, came in about ten to tell me some woman was on the phone, wouldn't give her name but said it was urgent.

"All right, I'll take it, Mac," I said and waved my hand. She smiled and went out. I suspect she had a mild crush on me, and she was a darned nice woman; about three years older, a perfect secretary, one who knew my moods. But of course I'd never seen her as a wife candidate; even if I'd felt so inclined, Lisa would have driven all

such ideas out of my head forever.

"Hello, Ed Tomlinson speaking," I said.

"Slave, I need you now. Come at once."

"Wait a minute, I'm a working man," I started.

"You agreed to be at my beck and call, remember? Or do you prefer to call the whole thing off?"

"No, of course not, but you're taking unfair advantage. Oh well, okay. I'll take my lunch hour early. At your house?"

"Yes. Be quick." And she hung up.

I sighed. Trust a woman to take a mile when you gave her an inch. But it was in a worthy cause; the best: Lisa. So I told Miss McGonigle I had a date with a Philadelphia gasket supplier who'd just come to town, and a few errands to run and might be back at two-thirty. That ought to give me plenty of time for whatever Alura had dreamed up to make me uncomfortable, I figured.

I took a cab to the brownstone mansion, dismissed it, and went up the stairs and rang the bell. My heart was beating faster than usual, and I thought I might get to see Lisa. She would probably be working on her designs. Well, I was working on a design to win her forever, so we had that much in common anyway, I told myself.

Alura opened the door and gestured to me to come in. This time, she wore a dark green strapless satin gown which left arms and shoulders bare, and a white platinum-link necklace with a curious little dark green jade figurine at the end, the figurine of a sceptre.

My eyes fixed on it, and she said crisply, "Yes, a sceptre, slave, the symbol of a queen's power over her subjects. Come with me."

I obeyed, hypnotized by her beauty. That warm olive-satiny-smooth skin, the splendidly rounded curves of her arms, the lithe plasticity of her wrists, her strong fingers, the indomitable firm curve of her chin, the haughty arc of her black pencilled brows..skin as warm-sheened as Lisa's. How much like Lisa she was, except for her voice, her manner, and of course the absence of that exquisitely provocative black beautyspot on the cheekbone!

"I'm expected back at the office about two-thirty," I said, to make conversation.

"You will leave when I am finished with you and not before, slave," was her reply as she strode ahead of me, the sharp narrow high heels of her green leather pumps clacking on the beautifully waxed floors. It was strange I saw no servants. She led me down the hall again, but this

time stopped before a room in the middle of it, rather than at the end as that first time. Opening the door, she gestured to me to enter. Then she locked the door behind me.

"This time, you will experience pain as well as humility, to test your courage," she announced coldly.

She had me remove my suitcoat as before. Beside the long green upholstered couch against the wall, there was a low narrow marble coffee table. She ordered me to lie down on my stomach on it, and promptly tied my wrists to the two front legs, with my ankles bound to the rear legs. Then she gagged me with a white satin scarf as before.

Now, to my astonishment, she drew off the green satin dress and stood in a white satin slip, charcoal brown nylon stockings and pumps, a provocative, sultry temptress whose dark eyes mocked me as mine rose to constate her voluptuous form, the supple, lithe, harmonious proportions of her.

"I suppose you are thinking that Lisa is here with you now, the naughty minx, and letting you see her undressed. But I will make you think only of Alura, your mistress, who causes you pain, not pleasure, you selfish man," she ex-



claimed contemptuously.

And she added, with a wry smile, "I have taken off the dress only so that my arms may be free in movement..thus---"

And stooping to me, grasping with her left hand the knots at the back of my neck which she had made of the scarf gag, she dragged them tight till my lips were bruised and chafed, and then, her eyes narrowing, she drew back her right hand and began to slap my face.

At first, the slaps were light and disdainful, as if to express her utter disregard for me and mockery at the humiliating, servile way I had submitted to her orders.

But soon these changed to stinging, fully vigorous blows with the flat of her bare hand, and they hurt. I tried to turn my face away, but she put her left hand to my chin, cupped it tightly, sinking her long polished nails into the flesh till I gasped, and went on slapping me with a rhythmic regularity. My eyes blinked every time her hand came into contact with my sore and burning left cheek--which is where she unfailingly applied all the slaps--and soon tears stung them, and blurred and blinded them, and began to roll down my cheeks, much to her amusement. "What a strong, haughty man we have here for little Lisa!"

She cries a lot, you know, she's very timid and tender...what's this? You seem to be much like her.. imagine, a soldier crying from a few harmless, little slaps from a woman's soft palm...bah, you are a weakling, slave!" And all the while she spoke she went on slapping me till I groaned and writhed in my bonds.

Now she desisted, but only to torture me a new way, as demeaning and humiliating; she seized my nose, which is full and Roman and a very vulnerable target as I lay tied down the way I was, and between thumb and forefinger of her right hand, she began to tweak and pinch it, while she kept tugging on the knots of my gag with her other hand.

My convulsive jerks began to dig the cords into my wrists and ankles; I tried to lie still, but the burning, throbbing sensation in my slapped cheek was so fiery and the cruel little pinches she gave my nose so irritating that I wasn't able to remain passive for very long. Naturally, when I jerked and writhed, the bonds cut the deeper into my limbs, and I was bathed in sweat after only a few minutes of this ordeal.

Then she stopped, and I thought it was over. How mistaken I was--this time, cupping my chin in her right hand as she squatted down to

face me, smiling mockingly, her eyes flashing with pleasure at my discomfiture, she began to slap my other cheek with her left palm as hard and long as she had done with my right, till my face felt swollen and the tears fairly poured down my blazing cheeks.

"This is what a mistress thinks of a slave who has no spine," she sneered as she gave me a specially stinging noisy slap, and tugged at the gag at the same time to compress it painfully against my dry, puffed, bruised lips. "I'll bet you wish the gag were off so you could beg me to stop, you miserable coward!"

I shook my head, furiously indignant at such an accusation. I could take all she dished out. How I wished I could reverse the situation and let her taste a little of her own medicine--but then, what I was enduring was to win the girl I loved and was going to marry, my beautiful gentle, womanly Lisa. She wouldn't subject me to these sadistic whims; she'd be all woman, all feminine, all compassionate, I knew she would. Alura was a hellcat, probably thwarted in love, so she vented her spleen on Lisa's suitors, that was it.

At last she untied the gag. "Well, are you going to beg for mercy?" she demanded.

"Not on your life," I gasped hoarsely.

"You surprise me. So apparently you respect your mistress a little. We'll see how much."

She untied me, and I staggered off the low table, every muscle aching and protesting from the lengthy ordeal I'd just been through.

She seated herself on the couch, crossing one beautifully nylon-sheathed leg over the other. Head thrown back, haughty of mien, her proud bosom swelling voluminously, she commanded sibilantly, "Now crawl to me, slave, and kiss my pumps to show me you respect and submit!"

For an instant, my nails dug into my palms and my face flushed with anger; but she eyed me steadily, and I read in those dark brown cold orbs an imperious will and determination...after all, I'd gone so far for Lisa's sake, I couldn't fail now.

I got slowly down to my knees and crawled towards her. Her husky laugh rang out, "How silly and ridiculous you look! A Babbitt, reduced to grovelling at a woman's feet--but it becomes you. Very well, kiss them lovingly. Lick them.. I want them to shine so you can see your silly face in them--harder..more over the arch now.. good..and now this one..very good!"

She kept me there half an hour on my knees, licking and kissing her glistening pumps, and

then at last leaned back and, closing her eyes, remarked, "You may go now."

"May I ask a question?"

"What is it?"

"Will you allow me to see Lisa..to take her out on dates?"

"No. This is a period of renunciation for you as well as one of humility. When your month is up, if you are worthy of her, then you will see her all you wish and I won't stand in the way of your marrying her--if she accepts you. Till then, you shan't see or speak to her. Now leave. I will call you when I wish you to serve me again. Be ready--and, next time, don't argue about the time..you are to come at any hour, day or night, that I demand."

I rose to my feet, trembling fitfully with reaction. She ignored me, studying her nails which she calmly buffed against one rippling thigh. I drew a long shuddering breath. Against the green couch, her white-satiny-slip-sheathed body was that of a goddess of beauty..a goddess of taunting, sadistically frustrating beauty..the twin of Lisa it was..yet I must renounce Lisa till this long, arduously mortifying month was over. Well, one thing for sure, before I went back to the office, I'd go to a Turkish bath--I didn't dare

show up with my cheeks swollen from the repeated slaps of a woman's soft hand...a softness that was hard as flint and steel...as hard as Alura's malicious spirit itself!

CHAPTER FIVE

May 29th:

A whole week passed till I heard Alura's cool contralto voice again, reeking with contemptuous mockery and disdain. It was last night that she called, when I was about ready to turn in after a really hard day talking with our dealers and some of our suppliers. Fact is, it was ten minutes of midnight when the phone in my apartment rang and Alura's voice uttered a single imperious summons: "Come!"

"But it's--" I began--the line had gone dead.

Angrily I dressed, hailed a cab and walked up the stone steps to that fateful door. The cab driver wanted to know if he should wait, I told him no. Perhaps I would catch a glimpse of my Lisa tonight...that would justify all this annoyance and the secret dread of what her sister proposed to inflict on me now to show her utter contempt for a mere male.

She opened the door. Again she wore that

green satin dress which left her arms and shoulders bare. But this time, she wore green leather boots which disappeared under the modish skirt-hems which descended just to the dimpled rondures of her nylon-caressed knees, boots with towering spike heels, so prodigiously narrow that I wondered how she could walk on them..yet walk she did with an allure and grace and affectatious haughtiness that dazzled me in spite of my irritation at being summoned at so unearthly an hour by her sadistic whim.

Once the door was closed behind me, she gestured and said, "Kneel down and kiss my boots in respect, slave!"

I obeyed grudgingly..yet when my lips brushed that aromatic, smooth pliant substance, a strange, inexplicable feeling took hold of me. I couldn't understand it, I only knew that I suddenly felt helpless, will-less, in her presence..that I was truly her slave.

She directed me now to crawl on all fours ahead of her and down the hall, and stopped me when I had reached the same room I had visited on my previous response to her summons. This time, I found a rectangular table awaiting me, with several chairs placed round it. I removed my suitcoat at her curt command. I had put on a



short-sleeved shirt, as the weather was extremely warm, and my forearms and wrists were already a bit moist from perspiration coming over in the cab.

She made me lie face down on the table, and then she tied me up elaborately.

My wrists were corded securely behind my back. Then she corded my ankles, and connected those ropes to my wristbonds, so that my feet were pulled up in the air and I bore down on my knees as I lay helplessly before her.

Next she gagged me, tighter than ever, with a white linen scarf this time, and its harder fabric seemed to cut and chafe my lips more than the satin gag had done, so that I gasped as she made thick long knots at the back of my neck, pulling them extremely tight and smiling as I winced and the beads of sweat stood out on my forehead.

She wore that white-platinum-linked chain-round her olive-satin throat with its jade figurine of a sceptre. Seizing the loose ends of the heavy knot at my neck with her left hand, she tugged at it to assure herself that my gag was as compressive as it could be, and then she shook her right forefinger at me.

"Tonight, slave, I am going to cause you

not only humiliation to test your endurance, but also pain and shame," she lectured me sternly, her beautiful dark eyes narrowed to slits of anticipation, her lips curling in disdain. "You are probably congratulating yourself that so far you've really had no serious problems or discomforts, apart from some momentary annoyances. But tonight I'm going to hurt you in your pride as a man..I am going to chastise you the way a woman would chastise a naughty willful child.. yes, chastise you till you cry like a baby and howl for mercy. I don't think you're man enough to take it!"

I nodded my head as vigorously and emphatically as I could to convince her she was wrong. She laughed mockingly, "We'll see about that. Lisa begged me not to do this to you, but I told her if you couldn't take it, you didn't deserve to be her husband."

I swore to myself I would take everything she could dish out and without a whimper. I'd show her up once and for all. Let her do her worst, and I glared back at her as she bent to cup my chin and stare into my eyes.

She walked away for a minute, leaving me to wonder what she had in mind to plague me with. She went to the back of the room, opened a

dresser drawer and took out a white sheet, which she tore into two heavy wide strips. She returned and proceeded to blind these round my waist and the tops of my trousers. The effect was to constrict my waist painfully and to give me the sensation that my behind was sticking out as from a corset, so tight did my trousers become.

Then I learned the reason for this.

Pulling out one of the chairs set up against the table, she reached down and picked up a black wooden hairbrush, showed it to me.

"Get ready for a sound spanking, the way naughty, stubborn children are punished, slave," she sneered.

Standing at the foot of the table and grasping my bound ankles with her left hand, she raised the hairbrush and after a long pause, brought it down with a furious whack on the broadest part of my right buttock. I let out a stifled gasp, it stung like blazes, thanks to the tautening of my trousers and the ridiculously cramped way she had tied me up.

A second blow on the same spot, then a third and fourth, made me turn my face slightly back to her, and the beads of sweat on my forehead stood out plainly under the lights. I wriggled, but she jerked at my bound ankles with her



restraining left hand and directed another pair of swats to the exact spot she had already made sting and throb furiously.

"Go ahead, you big baby, cry all you like, I'm going to punish you till you do!" she harangued me, and then the hairbrush started to come down in a methodical cracking cadence, first on my left cheek, then the right, starting at the top of my behind and descending progressively to my thighs, then ascending again. I jerked and squirmed as the spanking continued without letup. Boy, how it hurt. I hadn't had a spanking since I was a kid of ten, and my dad had used his razor strap, but Alura's hairbrush whacking was just as painful, and it was a great deal longer. Also, I hadn't been tied up and humiliated this way, nor subjected to her jeering comments as, involuntarily under an especially stinging, noisy crack of the flat of the brush on my sore and burning backside, I yelped and bucked and tossed my hips trying to get that brush, the next time it came down, to find a less sensitive place. Trouble is, by now there weren't any left!

I lost count of the number of whacks she gave me, but she kept on tirelessly; my bottom was a swollen mass of burning, searing pain, and each new wallop made me kick my legs and that

jerked my wrists painfully and I groaned and moaned through my gag, as she kept taunting me with my shameful and ignominious situation. And she paused to give me a couple of cracks on the thighs, then resumed on my bottom harder than ever..I began to yell, and my blinking eyes were wet with something more than dust in my eyes..despite my resolve, those were genuine tears of pain.

Seeing then, she cracked away even harder till I banged my knees up and down trying to arch and fling myself away from her relentless hairbrush. And by now, tears were running down my cheeks and I was breathing hard.

She stopped. Then she removed the gag. "Kiss the hairbrush and thank me for punishing you, slave," she ordered, and I obeyed. She let me lie there for an hour, the hairbrush placed atop my swollen rear end, so I could meditate on the shameful chastisement I had just endured. Finally she untied me and made me kneel down and kiss her pumps.

"You have shown up rather better than I'd expected, slave," she said coldly as she took me by the earlobe and led me to the front door of the mansion. "I may--just say, mind you--ask Lisa if she is still certain she wants to marry you. But you'll serve your full month's trial,

as you agreed. Now wait for my next call."

CHAPTER SIX

June 21st:

Today was my wedding day..just two days after my month of testing under Alura's imperious hand and subservient to her despotic whims. I spent three more times with her before the month ended. Each time, she carried my subjugation a little farther; leather restraint bodysheath and helmet, handcuffs and the hairbrush as I lay over her lap; the last time, in a rubber bodysheath, blindfolded, and forced to stand for half an hour under an icy shower before she again took me over her lap for a hairbrushing that warmed me up thoroughly!

Lisa was permitted to meet me at City Hall just once to apply with me for our license, and the day before yesterday, I was telephoned to come meet her and discuss our honeymoon plans. It was to be a wedding in a municipal judge's chambers, and Bill was my best man. It was a beautiful sunny day, not a cloud in the sky; it seemed to be symbolic that now the clouds of tribulation and trial had passed and happiness was ahead for me.

Yes, at last, I'd won Lisa, the girl of my dreams, for whose sake I'd suffered more humiliation and physical duress than the average man will ever accept of his own free will.

We got into the judge's chambers, for we were to meet Lisa there. She was already waiting, an adorable vision in white bridal gown and floating net veil, with a bouquet of white roses. My heart thumped loudly as I stood beside her, Bill took his place as best man and two clerks of the court were witnesses.

The ceremony seemed to go on for ages, till at last the judge said solemnly, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

I trembled. I turned to my bride Lisa, my beloved, adorable sweet gentle Lisa, and I lifted her veil reverently. I kissed her soft yielding lips. Then, out of some impulse, I set my mouth on that piquant black beautyspot on her cheekbone, kissed it ardently. And when I drew back, my eyes widened in astonishment.....the beauty-spot was smeared.....it was not real.....whom had I married, Lisa my tender love, or cruel enigmatic Alura? Would I ever learn that in

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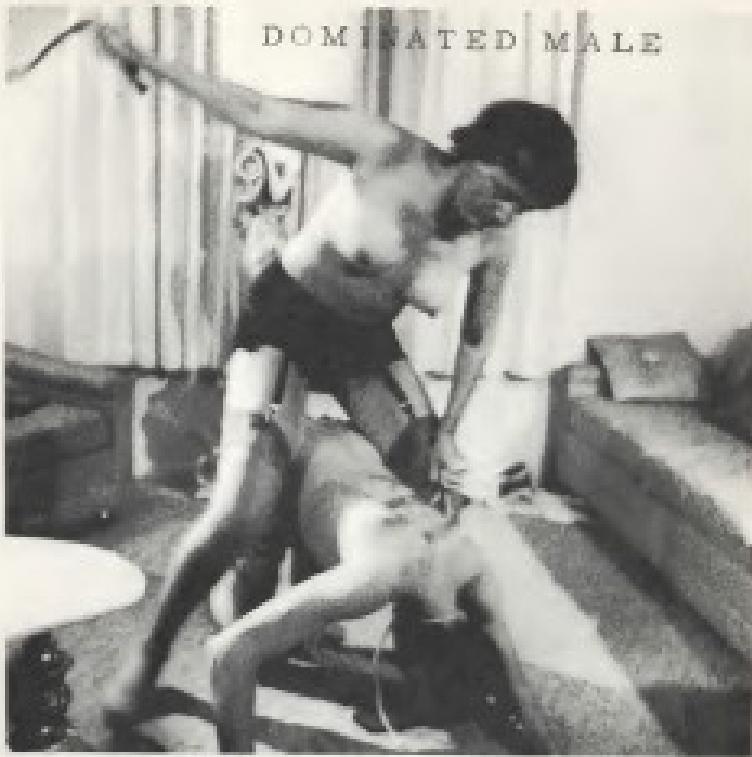
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